A MILL SONG.

O merry and fast is the busy rhyme The mill wheel sings all day Yet Robin, the miller, has plenty of time To spare, when I pass that way, "O, Janet!" be cries, "I love you well,

But keep our secret sweet;" Yet somehow or other the lasses tell Whenever we chance to meet,

O loud and clear, O loud and clear, The clack of the busy mill! There's many a gossip about I fear. Whose tongue can run faster still

The coat of my Robin is white with meal That floats from the grain below, And sometimes, it may be, his arm Where a sweetheart's arm may go, And the gown I wear is blue and dark

And bears a token plain, So the lassie's they laugh at the dusty mark:

"O, Janet, again, again!" O loud and clear, O loud and clear, The clack of the busy mill,? There's many a gossip about I fear, Whose tongue runs faster still.

PASSION IN TATTERS.

"She has got a face like one of her own rosebuds," said Mr. Fitzalan.

"I've heard of her n ore than once, replied Frank Calverly. "The pretty flower girl.' the people call her, don't they? Old Frixham has doubled his custom since she came there."

"And the best of it all," added Fitzalan, with a laugh, "is that she is quite unconscious of her own attractions-a little country lassie, who thinks only of her own business, and never dreams that she herself is the sweetest flower of the assortment."

"Let's go in and buy a Marechal Niel bud and two or three sweet verbena leaves," said Calverly, "I should like to see this modern Flora of

Dorothy Penfield stood behind the counter of the florist's store, sorting over a pile of fragrant blossoms which lay on a tray of damp, green moss. Trails of smilax wove the green garlands up to the ceiling; heaps of gold and rose-petaled buds lay in the windows; tufts of purple heliotrope per-fumed the air, and white carnations lay like hillocks of snow against the panes of the show-window, while spikes of perfumed hyacinths and cape-jessamine flung their subtle scents upon the air.

And Dolly herself with her round, dimpled face, pink cheeks, and soft, brown eyes, exactly the shade of the rippled hair, which was brushed simply back from the broad, low brow, was a fitting accessory to the scene.

She looked up as the two gentlemen entered, and a soft, crimson shadow overspread her face for a second.

Have you got one of my favorite button hole bouquets made up, Miss Penfield?" Fitzalan asked, with a careless bow and smile.

"I know," said Dolly, softly. "A rosebud and a sprig of heath, and two or three myrile leaves; that is what you like. No; I have none made up, just at present; but can tie one up in about half

a minute, Mr. Fitzalan." "One for me too, if you please," said

Calverly, touching his hat. "Just the same?" Dolly lifted her long eyelashes, which were like fringes of brown silk, and gave

him a shy glance. "A li'tle different please. Consu

your own taste, Miss Penfield." "I like the double blue violets," said Dolly gently, "with geranium leaves." "Then they shall be my tavorite flow ers also," said Calverly, gallantly.

The gentlemen had hardly taken their leave, when old Frixham, the florist, bustled in, with round, red face, shining bald head, and an air of business al over him.

"Isn't it time you had the theatre bouquets ready?" said he looking critiically around, and moving a glass of freshly cut callas out of the level sunset beams which at that moment fell, like a sheen of golden laces, athwart the deep bow window.

"I shall have them ready directly," said Dolly starting from her reverie, "the flowers are all sorted out."

"We have too many carnations or hand" said the florist fretfully; "and those gaudy cape bells are so much dead loss. Let the man from the greenhouses know please, there's a demand for half-open rosebuds and forced lilies-of-the-valley."

"Yes," said Dolly dreamily, "I wil tell him-when he comes."

The closed country wagon with its freight of fragrant leaves and deliciously scented flowers came early in the morning before the florist was out of bed, and while the silence almost of an enchanted land lay upon Upper Broadway.

But Dolly Penfield was there freshen ing up the stock of the day before with wet moss and cool water, and elipping the stems of the rosebuds.

"No more carnations, John," she said briskly. "nor amaryillis flowers. and we want plenty of camellias and geranoums, and those bright flowers."

"I thought, perhaps," said honest John Deadwood, who measured six feet in his stockings, and who had the face of an amiable giant, "you might want to go back with me to-day, Dolly. Your aunt has come on from Kansas and there is going to be a dance out in the barn, with plenty of candles and evergreen boughs. And mother said she would be proud to welcome you to the old farm house, Do'ly. Your cleander tree is kept carefully at the south

window, and—"
Dear me!" carc essly interrupted Dolly; "why don't they put it into the

"Because. Dolly, said the young man,

the meadow-lark in the cage sings MO spotted calf."

"Has she?" questioned Dolly indifferently.

John Deadwood looked hard at her, "Dolly," said he, "you don't care bout the old home any longer!" "Yes I do," said Dolly, rousing her-

self, "but-"

She paused suddenly, the rosy color rushed in a carmine tide to her cheek, an involuntary smile dimpling the corthrough the smilax trails in the win-

John Deadwood, following in the direction of her eyes, glauced, too, just in time to see a tall gentleman lift his hat and bow as he went jauntily by.

"Is that it?" said John, bitterly. "Is what?" petulantly retorted Dolly. "I'm sure I don't know who we are standing here waiting for, and I with twenty-eight bouquets to make up by 2 | The Sedgewick mansion wasn't decora-

o'clock. That's all, John, I think. Don't forget the lilies of the valley." "But you haven't answered me,

Dolly." "Answered veu what?" "About the dance in the old barn, and coming back with me when the wagon

returns at 5 o'clock." "It is quite out of the question," said Dolly, listlessly.

"Dolly!"
"Well."

"You promised me years ago-" "Nonsense," said Dolly, flinging the azaleas and pinks around in fragrant confusion. "I was only a child then."

"But you've no right to go back on your word, Doily, child or no child." "I never promised, John." "But you let me believe that one day

you would be my wife. And I've lived on the thought of it, Dolly, ever since. And if this city situation of yours should break up my life's hopes-' "Don't hope anything about me

John!" brusquely interrupted the girl. "Here comes a customer. Please, John, don't stand there any longer looking like a ghost." And honest, heart-broken John turned

and went with heavy heart out to where the wagon stood, and old Roan was and half-closed eyes. "It does seem to me," he muttered

between his teeth, "that there is nothing left to live for any longer." Dolly looked half remorsefully after

"I've almost a mind to call him back," said she to herself, as she picked out a bunch of white violets for the newcomer. "I do like John Deadwood: but I think i e has no business to consider himself engaged to me, just because of that boy-and-girl nonsense. One's ideas change as one gets on in

of Mr. Fitzalan and the turquoirs ring who desired to come home. This mone that he had given her as a troth plight,

And Mr. Frixham came in presently "I've a note from the Sedgewicks, on Fifth avenue" he said hurriedly. "They always order their flowers from Servoss, but Servoss, has disappointed them. They want the house decorated for a party to-night-there's not a minute to lose. I have telegraphed to Bolton's for one hundred yards of smilax and running tern, and one hundred poinsettas; and I think we can manage the rest ourselves. You had better go at once, Miss Penfield, and plan the decorations-you've a pretty taste of your own-and I'll send up the flowers with Hodges to help you.'

And Dolly went, her mind still on the turquoise ring, with a band of virgin gold and its radiant blue stone.

The Sedgwick mansion was a brown stone palace, with plate glass casements, and a vestibule paved with black and orange marble.

Mrs. Sedgwick, a stately lady in a Watteau wrapper and blonde cap, received Dolly in the great drawing

"Oh!" said she, litting her eye glasses, "you're from the florists, are things-I only want the rooms to look elegant. Tell your husband to spare no expense."

"Mr. Frixham is not my husband,"

said Dolly. "Your father, then."

"But he isn't my father," insisted Dolly, half laughing. He's no relation at all. I will tell him, however."

"Exactly," said Mrs. Sedgwick, "I particularly desire pienty of white are placed on file. In the mean time, roses, as I am told they are customary at this sort of affair. It's an engagement party."

"Indeed!" said Dolly, trying to look interested. "Between my daughter, Clara, and

Mr. Alfred Fitzalan," said Mrs. Sedgwick with conscious complacency. Delly said nothing, but the room

with its fluted cornices and lofty ceilings seemed to swim around her like the waves of the sea. And as she went out with Mrs. Sedgwick still chatting about white rosebuds and begonia leaves, she passed the half open door of a room, all hung with blue ve!vet, where a yellow-tressed beauty sat smiling on a low divan, with Fritzalan bending tenderly above her.
"He has only been amusing himself

with me," said Dolly to herself. There was a sharp ache at her heart, but after all it was only the sting of wounded pride. Thank heaven-oh. thank heaven, it was nothing worse than

reddening, "it reminds us of you. And mant beasts of prey in the spring twi- amount renewed. In the great panic of beautifully; and old red brindle has a of the other shadows and stood at his

> "John!" she whispered. "Dolly! it's never you?" "Yes, John," said the girl gently but

steadily. "I'm going back home with "God bless you, Dolly," said the

young man fervently. "For good and all, John, if you'll take ners of her fresh lips as she glanced you with the greenhouses, and I'll try and be a good little housekeeper. Shall I. John?

John put his arm around her and hugged her up to his side.

"Darling!" said he huskily, "it's most too good news to be true; but, if my word is worth anything, you shall never regret your decision of this day."

So the pretty flower girl vanished out of the bower of scuilax and rosebuds. ted at all, and Mr. Frixham had lost his new customer. And the turquoise ring came back to Mr. Fitzalan in a blank envelope.

ABOUT MONEY ORDERS.

Curious Incidents Related by a Postonic Veteran.

Baltimore American. "Had you come a little earlier you might have witnessed an incident, or rather a coincidence, which could not but convince the most skeptical that we are living in a progressive age." This remark was made to reporter of the American by Mr. J. J. C. Dougherty, the veteran pay clerk in the money order department of the postoffice, the other day, as the reporter stopped at his desk to ask if there was "anything new." The reporter ventured to ask for a further explanation. "Well," continued Mr. Dougherty, "I was in the act of cashing two money orders, presented respectively by a German, who had received his from the eastern section of Prussia, and a son of Erin, who had received his from Belfast. At the same moment my attention was called to the fact that a Chinaman was at the receiving desk, immediately opposite, applying for a money order which he intended sending to San waiting with down-dropping head Francisco. Here was money being sent and received to and from extreme sections by natives of different countries at one and the same moment. Now, wasn't that a little singular?" The reporter admitted that it was, and then asked, "Do you ever have any trouble or com-

plaints about money orders?" "Very few: and even these are cen erally on account of the ignorance of dissatisfied parties regarding the disposition of the order. As an instance, German came in here one day, and approaching me angrily, said that this was a fine way of doing business. He had gotten a money order some five And Dolly's cheek was like the reflec- days previously, made out in favor of tion of the pink azaleas as she thought his wife, who was in Philadelphia, and was to pay her fare. She had, however, never received it, and was compelled to borrow from friends enough to come home with. I thought this rather strange, and, noticing my doubting look, he suddenly plunged his hand into a capacious pocket, saying he could prove his assertion by showing his receipt, and lo and behold he drew out the money order. Of course I knew then where the trouble was, and when I explained to him that he should have sent the order to his wife, he seemed dazed at first, and then broke into a broad grin. and, with the remark, 'I always thought was a fool, now I know it,' slowly walked out of the office. I could tell

you a dozen such incidents." "According to recent statements." said the reporter, "there seems to be large amount of money accumulating

in the sub-treasury at New York." "Before you go any further," said Mr. Dougherty, 'I want to say there is some misunderstanding regarding this money. Many suppose that it was collected in New York alone. In this, however, I think they are mistaken. It is money collected from invalid orders from all over the country, and some of you? Well, I know nothing about the:e | the orders date back to the time of the organization of the money order department, now about seventeen years. You see, New York is the foreign as well as the domestic exchange, and all surplus is sent to the po tmaster at New York, who in turn deposits the money in the sub-treasury at that city. The money orders, which become invalid one year after date, are sent to the depariment at Washington, where they should the payer pres nt himself after time, we make application on his behalf to the department at Washington which then authorizes us to make the payment."
"You say you send all your surplus

funds to New York; how do you man-

age when you run short?" 'That is something we never allow to occur, and, in fact, from the systematic manner in which everything is arranged, such a thing cannot occur. The money order system is nothing more nor less than an immense banking concern, in which there is no capital invested, and none necessary. I have already told you that New York is the exchange The smaller offices send their surplus to the nearest main office, whence in turn the entire amount is remitted to New York. At the same time every office, large and small, has an account with the postmaster at New York, and it is credited with a certain amount which it can draw when necessary. When that mount is exhausted a renewal of the account is necessary. Now our limit is old Roan steadily and solemnly along \$10,000, and I draw for \$2,000 at a time past the patch of woods, where the as I need it. When this amount is exvelv-t-mossed bowlders lay like dor- hausted I make application to have the the world except religion.

light, when a graw shadow glided out 1873, when the banks were not considered safe, we transmitted an immense sum of money. In the month of September alone I paid out at this office \$125,000. This is what is termed a paying office; in other words, we pay out about five times as much as we receive. During the last year we cashed 90,918 orders, amounting to \$1,515,807.45, and we issued 28,245 orders for \$425,116.10. As the business is steadi'y increasing, me," said Dolly, slowly. "I've had t ese amounts will be swelled considerquite enough of city life; and I'll help ably by the close of the present year."

"Have you many invalid orders or hand at present?" "Only a few, and these will be sen to Washington in a day or two. I have about \$1,600 worth, however, that are unclaimed-that is to say, they have been lying here a long time. Here is a lot, all belonging to one man, and here is another, belonging to a single individual. They are merchants, well known here, but do not seem to be in a hurry to get their money. One of these allowed a couple of orders to remain longer than one year, and thinking his money was lost, gave his orders-one for \$50 and another for \$5 - to his wife, telling her, jocularly, to make use of them. The lady came here and asked whether these orders were of any account. Upon being informed that they were, she thought this an excellent joke on her husband. I made application for her, and in two days she had her

A PATHETIC STORY.

money."

Nasby in Ireland, In our party was an American gentleman, blessed with an abundance of boys, but no girl, and he and his wife had been contemplating the adoption of a girl. Here was an opportunity to secure not only a girl, but just the kind of a girl that he would have given half his estate to be the father of. And so he opened negotiations.

An Irishman who knew him explained to the father and mother that the gentleman was a man of means, that his wife was an excellent good woman, and that the child would be adopted regu-I rly under the laws of the State in which he lived, and would be educated, and would rank equally with his own children in the manner of inheritance. and all that. In short, she was made to understand that Norah would be reared a lady.

Then the American struck in. She. the mother, might select a girl to accompany the child across the Atlantic, and the girl selected should go into his family as the child's nurse, and the child should be reared in the religion of its parents.

The father and mother consulted long and anxiously. It was a terrible struggle. On the one hand was the child's advantage, on the other paternal and maternal love.

Finally a conclusion was arrived at "God help me," said the mother.

Then the arrangements were pushed very briskly, and with regular American business-like vehemence. The girl Fust thing we know a committee will selected to ac. as nurse was the mother's sister, a comely girl of twenty. The American took the child and rushed out to a haberdasher's and purchased an outfit for her. He put shoes and stockings on her, which was a novel experience, and a prettly little cress and a little hat with a feather in it, and a little sash and all that sort of thing, and he procured shoes and stockings for the elder girl, and a tidy dress and a hat and shawl, and so forth. And then he brought them back, instructing agine that there was a first class row in the mother that he should leave with them for Cork the next morning at some one had dug under the stones and

should be dressed and ready to depart. The next morning came, and the other, and we could not suspect out-American went for his child. She was siders because none of them knew where dressed, though very awkwardly. The mother had never had any experience in dressing children, and it was a wonder that she did not get the dress on wrong side up. But there she was. parting with everything that was dear to her; the father lay and moaned, looking from Norah to the American. baby in her arms and gave it the final embrace and the long, loving kiss; the father took her in his arms and kissed her, and the other children looked on

astounded, while the girl stood weeping. "Good-by," said the American. will take care of the babe," and taking her from her mother's arms he started for the door. There was a shriek, the woman darted to him just as he was He has held aloof from us, and the closing the door, and snatched the baby from his arms.

"Drop the child!" said the father 'You can't have her for all the money there is in Ameriky!"

"No, sor." ejaculated the mother, half way between fainting and hysteries, "I can't part wid ber!" And she commenced undressing th

"Take back your beautiful clothes give me back the rags that was on her, out ye can't have the child."

And the girl, she commenced undress dg too, for she did not want to obtain lothes under false pretenses, but the American stopped the disrobing, "It's bad for the child," he

but somehow I can't blame you. are welcome to the clothes, though." And he left as fast as he could, and I noticed that he was busy with his handkerchief about his eyes for some min-

the minister. The subject was a "cow." She wove in the complimentary sentence, "A cow is the most useful animal MIKE'S CONFESSION

Now Mike was an 'ostler of very good parts, Yet sly as a church mouse was he; And he came to confess to the new par

priest, Like a pious and true devotes

When his sins were reeled off till no more could be found. Said the priest: "Are you sure you've told Have the mouths of the horses never been greas

So they couldn't eat oats in the stall?" "With respect to yer riv'rence," said Mike, with "Sure for that ye may lave me alone;

I've scrave I till there's niver a sin left bayond-Me conscience is clane to the bone! So absolved, happy Mike went away for Till the day came around to tell all;

And the very first thing he confessed, he greased The mouth of each horse in the stall! "How is this?" said the priest; "when here, bu

You never had done this, you swore." "Faith, thanks to yer riv'rence," sa'd Mike, "aich a thing

I niver had heard of before!" "A MAN AS WAS WRONGED."

If it had been a pleasant day, and we all hadn't been out of sorts with our Of years agone-of a fond wife and luck, we should have had a word of welcome for the stranger as he entered our camp that wretched afternoon. As it was, fifty of us saw him leave Chinese Trail at Dead Man's Elbow and walk into our camp, and never a man rose up to salute him

The stranger seemed to expect just such a reception. That is, he didn't seem a bit surprised. He passed down the single street we had named Road to Riches, turned to the left at the lone pine tree, and without once looking around him he staked off a claim and began to erect a shanty.

"Bad man, I'm afeared," growled Judge Slasner, as he partly closed one eye and gave the stranger the benefit of the squint.

"Bin bounced out of some camp for stealing," added the big chap from Kentucky.

"Tell you, he's got a hang-dog look," put in the man known as "Ohio Bill." Every man in the camp was down on the fresh arrival, and that without cause. Ordinarily we were a jolly set, and a stranger coming among us met with words of cheer, but that afternoon the devil was to pay. The three mules belonging to camp had strayed off and been gobbled by the Indians, and on the heels of this discovery came the announcement that we had only salt enough to last two days, while the sugar

was entirely gone. So we were cross grained and all out of sorts, and it was lucky for the stranger that he gave us no excuse to pick a quarrel. The next day was bright and fair, and if it hadn't been for Judge Slasher some of us would have gone over and excused our manners and You shall have her. I know you will be asked the stranger to chip in and be-

come neighborly; but the Judge said: "He's a bad un, he is. I kin tell it by the way his head is set on his body. come along here and gobble him up fur

robbery or murder." Two weeks had passed, and while some of us had given the stranger s curt "good morning," no obe had struck hands with him, or entered his shapty to smoke a friendly pipe. Then a climax came. The six of us occupying one shanty were working in common, and our bag of dust was buried in corner of the Bre-place. One morning this bag was missing, and you can imno time. There was the hole where eleven, and that the girl and child carried off our treasure, and whom were we to suspect? We had faith in each our bag was concealed, and because this was the first case of stealing ever known

on Betsy Jane Hill. Yes, we were mad, and in the excite ment of the first discovery we came near The mother wailed as one who was having a free fight among ourselfes. It increased our anger to discover that we could not reasonably suspect any one, and this fact made every one of us try Time was up. The mother took the the harder to pick up aclue. At length Judge Slasher sprang to his feet with exclamation:

"By the bones of Kidd! but I know the thief!

"That hang-dog, sheep-stealing stran ger! Hang me! if I didn't dream of his coming in here last night to borrow a hovel, and it was his digging undo the stones which started that dreaf proof enough that he came here for good purpose."

It was a straw to catch at. in a night all we had gained by months of hard work, and we didn't stop (reason. It was decided to lay the charat the stranger's door, and if he could prove his innocence so much the better

The news that the White House, as we called our shanty, had been robbed spread like wild-fire, and we started for the stranger's claim, our crowd num bered a full hundred. He was outside at work, and as he saw us coming he was startled. The angry murmurs and black looks must have frightened him. You will say that an innocent man would have stayed and braved the storm As the crowd swooped down on this man he started off at a run.

"Halt! halt! halt, or we'll shoot!" houted a score of men. "He's the thief-stop him! stop him!"

roared the Judge. Five or six shots were fired almost

over him and turned his white scared face to the heavens he gasped:

"You have murdered me-God for-

give you!" "Now to search him!" said the Judge, as he came up, and half a dozen hands day, while speaking of his experiences made quick work of it. Resting on his in Palestine, he said he had undergone breast, and made fast to his neck by a great dangers and difficulties among the ribbon, was a package wrapped in oilskin. There was a flutter of excitement as the Judge rudely snapped the string The prettiest of the sisters innocently and held the package in his hand. It was our dust.

No! We formed in a cir-le around the Judge as he sat on a rock and opened the package, and in less than a minute there were white faces among us. What were the contents? A photograph of a fair-faced, middle-aged roman, and on the card was written:

"Mary-Died June 19th, 1857." That was the dead man's wife! There was a second photograph—that of a babe about a year old, and the Judge read aloud in a trembling voice: "Our Harry-Died April 4th, 1857. That was not all. On a card were locks of their hair. There was a gold ring once worn by the wife, a faded ribbon which her fingers had touched, and a Lit of plaid like the dress the baby wore when photographed. Relies of what? beautiful child-of joy and happiness-

of a husband's love and a father's grief! And we were looking down upon these things and feeling our hearts his marriage it is very uncertain swelling up and our eyes growing misty when up comes our good-for-nothing, half-witted cook with the bag of dust in his hand! In repairing the fireplace he had moved the bag, and in the excitement over its supposed loss what little wit he had was frightened borers. away for the moment. The hole under the stones had been made by some small animal in search of food, and in our haste we had accused and murder-

ed an innocent man. It came to us in fu'l force as we stood there, and men sighed and wiped their eyes and walked away with trembling steps. The Judge felt that he was most to blame. He was looked upon as a hard, wicked man, but those relics of the dead broke him up. He sat there and wept like a-child, and in a voice hardly audible for his great emotion he mo, ned:

"Heaven forgive me for this awful

With sorrow-with tenderness-with hearts like children, we dug a grave and put the poor body into it, and with his own hands the Judge planted the trived to give a tolerably connected view head-board and engraved thereon:

"Here lies a man as was wrongedl

"'Tis Easy to Die."

"If I had strength to hold a pen, would write how easy and delightful it is to die," were the last words of the celebrated surgeon. Wm. Hunter; and Louis XIV is recorded as saying, with his last breath, 'I thought dying had been more failed in his purpose.

difficult." That the painlessness of death is ow ing to some benumbing influence acting on the sensory nerves may be inferr d from the fact that untoward external surroundings rarely trouble the dying. On the day that Lord Collingwood

breathed his last the Mediterranean was tumultuous; those elements which had been the scene of his past giories rose and fell in swelling undulations and seemed as if rocking him to sleep. Captain Thomas ventured to ask if he was disturbed by the tossing of the ship. "No, Thomas," he answered, "I am now in a state that nothing can disturb me merc-I am dying, and I am sure it must be consolatory to you and all that love me to see how comfortably I am coming to my end." In the Quarterly Review there is related an instance of a criminal who escaped death from hang ing by the breaking of the rope. Hen ry IV. of France sent his physician examine him, who reported that after moment's suffering the man saw an ap pearance like fire, across which appea ed a most beautiful avenue of trees When a pardon was mentioned the pris

dying suffer but little pain. Captain Marryatt states that his sensa were rather pleasant than otherwise. "The first struggle for life once over, the water closing around me assumed the appearance of waving green fields. It is not a feeling of pain, but seems like sinking down, overpowered by sleep, in the long, soft grass of the seft mead-

oner coolly replied that it was not worth

Now, this is precisely the condition resented in death from disease. Insensibility comes on, the mind loses onsciousness of external objects, and death rapidly and placidly ensues from asphyxia.

De Lesseps' Love Story.

The Pesther Lloyd says that Ferdinand de Lesseps has been an Otuello, though without the miserable ill-luck of Shakspeare's swarthy hero. Like "Othello," he won his present beautiful wife by the narration of his adventures and dangers. M. de Lesseps is now on the verge o eighty, but in spite of his great age retains the hopefulness and freshn youth, and has been compared in this respect, to Pythagoras, Titian and Alexander von Humboldt, and even to those heroes of Indian legend who enjoy their lives twice over. At the age of sixty-eight, M. de Lesseps was left a widower, and had a troop of grown-up sons and daughters. Some few years after it was reported, to the amazement of the world, that the lively septuagenaone, and the fugitive tumbled forward rian had married a young Creole on the rocks. Three bullets entered maiden of astonishing beauty, who has casionally stir it; it will harden; eat his back, and as the foremost men bent since brought him six children. In a cold.

certain Parisian family, where M. de Lesseps often visited, there was a bevy of five sisters. The old man delighted to gather them around him, and relate stirring episodes from his travels. One Arabs, because they could not conceive how a man could live without a wife. asked, "Why, then, do you not marry again?" "Because I am too old," re plied M. de Lesseps. "Bes des, he added, "If I were to fall in love with a young girl, it would be absurd to think that she would fall in love with me." "Who knows!" observed his questioner. Lesseps told his young listeners about the Rose of Jericho, which, after being dried and placed in water,

again bursts out into bloo Soon afterward he obtained one of these roses, and presented it to the young girl. In a few days she appeared with the reblossomed rose in her hand. which she gave to the honored guest, saying, at the same time: "See what a miracle the water has effected upon the rose; it is the blossoming of love in old age." Their eyes met, and M. de Lesseps, believing that his Desdemona had a meaning in what she did, quietly said: "If you really think that you dare venture to share the remaining years of an old man, here is my hand." But for whether the bold projector would have undertaken his laborious task at Panama. She is always at his side, and has been his chief help and support throughout his arduous conflicts with politicians, money-lenders, inquirers and la-

What Shall I Do for a Living? The choice of a business is one of the most important choices which a boy can make. It should, therefore, be made with care and deliberation.

As a rule, one should adopt that calling which he likes. In a business, of which he is fond, a boy will usually succeed; whereas, in a business which he dislikes, the chances of failures are

Many boys show, in carly life, a particular bent for a special kind of work; and this inclination should be followed. When Macaulay, the historian of Eng-

land, was only eight years old, his mother wrote of him that "he took it into his head to write a compendium of universal history, and he really conof the leading events from the creation to the present time, filling almost a quire of paper." The father of Sir Joshua Reynolds,

the famous portrait painter, tried to induce him to become a physician; but the boy's talent for drawing was so great, and he was so peristent in his use of brush and pencil, that the father So the father of Hogarth apprenticed

his son to a silversmith, but his liking for painting was so strong that his career in art seemed almost a necessity. Let a boy choose the vocation that. after thought and advice, he judges he

likes; and if he pursues it wisely, he will As that wise wit, Sydney Smith, says: "Be what nature intended you for. Be anything else, and you will be ten

thousand times worse than nothing." A Clever Crow.

I have had my Australian piping crow for about two years. At first he was quite uneducated, and rather a disrepquite uneducated, and rather a disrep-utable locking party, but, with good food and exercise, his musical talent soon developed itself. He began with the first part of "The Bells," then he got off perfectly the trumpet call of "Cease Firing" "Charlie is My Darl-ing," "Nix My Dollie," and he is dili-gently at work at "God Bless th Prince," and has the first part fairly well off. He fetches and carries like a Prince," and has the first part fairly well off. He fetches and carries like a dog, and seems never tred of running after a ball of crumpled paper and bringing it back and putting it into one's hand and waiting for another throw. He will tumble about on the asking for. Those who have been near floor and play more like a monkey than a bird. He will get into a slipper with death from drowning, and afterward rea string tied to it and allow himself to stored to consciousness, assert that the be coached round and round the room, holding on all the time to the string. Captain Marryatt states that his sensa-tions at one time when nearly drowned mice, but Peter soon brought them to a sense of their situation. He ferreted them out, chased them, killed them, and having duly washed them in his water tin, hung them up to dry, picked them and swallowed them. It requires great perseverance training these birds. They will eat almost anything. Some days ago our bird swallowed a piece of glass, and for two days and nights was very ill, moaning pitifully; but he at last brought it up in he usual way hawks and owls do. He is now quite recovered and in full song.

A too utterly, too, too young man had his fortune told by a clairvoyant. Her charge was five dollars. He refused to pay it, and she sued him before a Justice of the Pence to recover the amount. The defense was that the amount. The defense was that the there was no truth in the story she had told him. Turning to her the Justice then asked: "What have you to say to that, madam?" "I admit," she replied, "that what I told him was purely imaginary and false." "Then why do you insist," said the Justice. "on collecting the bill?" "Because," she answered, "it was worth five dollars to hold his dirty hand."

DULCE DE LECE,-This is a Spanish sweet-meat, and can be used as a sauce for pudding, or can be spread on bread for children, One quart of milk, one pound of white sifted sugar, one teaspoonfull of flour, one teaspoonful of ground cinamon; put in a china-lined vessel; simmer for five or six hours; oc-